

Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



**FEBRUARY
1955**





Jain Courtyard

There are few CBI-ers who will not recognize this scene. It's the courtyard of the famed Jain Temple in Calcutta, with the Monkey Temple at left. This, of course, was not the main section of the grounds but, rather, a side view. The beauty of the shiny marble and ornate tile, all hand work — is unsurpassed. When our thoughts go back ten years to Calcutta, the Jain Temple is usually the first image to pop into our minds. In any event, it was the top "tourist" attraction in the big city. Photo by Ray Kirkpatrick.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 9, No. 2

February, 1955

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Boyd Sinclair Book Review Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● The fellow who once told us, "The magazine may eventually run out of printable material" just didn't know CBI-ers! We don't expect to run out of material for at least another 50 years, and by that time we won't care much if we do!

● You'll find no ad for projection slides in this issue. We have listed in six previous issues a total of 600 different 2x2 slides at 15c each. These are still available. If you don't have the six back issues which list the slides, drop us a line and we'll be glad to send along a complete listing.

● Naturally we intend to go along on the "Pilgrimage to India" next October. This leaves a question: "Who will publish Roundup while we're away?" That's a good question which remains to be answered. We can tell you this much, however — when we return from India we'll have hundreds of wonderful pictures of our old stamping grounds to print in a good many issues from then on.

● We've had several new readers tell us they were "high-pressured" into subscribing to Roundup by eager contestants, and each one asked us to thank the "salesman" for acquainting him with the magazine. This doesn't make us a bit mad!

● We'll bet not more than a couple of readers had ever before heard of the Sino-American Horse Purchasing Bureau. This unusual Army unit's exploits appear in a pictorial feature which begins on page 12 of this issue.



Chowringhee Photo

● Thanks very much for the big picture of Chowringhee Road in the January issue. Sure brought back a few memories. Wonder if anyone else noticed the many Indians leisurely walking in the streets?

RALPH HAWNES,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Energetic Seagrave

● I know what Dr. Gordon E. Davis meant when he said Dr. Seagrave was in "fine fettle" (Jan.) I spent a half day with Dr. Seagrave and, although he's nearly twice my age, he has three times my energy and strikes me as a man who cannot stand to be idle for a whole five minutes.

GEORGE S. SANKEY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Christmas Poem

● Got a kick out of Jack Condon's "Nite Before Christmas," (Jan.) I remember reading it in the original overseas Roundup and enjoyed it then.

JOSEPH J. GRAY,
Oakland, Calif.

95th Newsletter

● Old members of the 95th Field Hospital may receive a free copy of the 95th newsletter for 1954 by sending a postcard to me. In addition to news, the newsletter contains present addresses of about 75% of the men.

HOMER C. COOPER,
1024 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

462nd Bomb Group

● Would like to hear from old members of the "Hellbirds," the 462nd Bomb Group.

S/Sgt. DONALD RAGUSE
506th Supply Sq.,
Dow AFB, Maine

PILGRIMAGE TO INDIA

HERE IS perhaps the greatest announcement we've ever had the privilege to make in Roundup's pages. A couple of issues back we mentioned that we'd been asked about a return to India and that we were making arrangements for just such a trip. We can now tell you that plans have been completed and—**We're going back to India** in 1955 to celebrate (for many of us) our 10th anniversary of leaving that fabulous land.

Our Pilgrimage is set for October 8, 1955, and every indication is that this will be the trip of a lifetime for everyone who signs up. We're going "Round-the-World" in a style we never dreamed of ten years ago and we'll have 18 days in India during which we'll see many places we never got a chance to see before and also the old familiar haunts where "we won the war."

In planning this trip, Roundup had its readers' pocketbooks in mind and didn't buy "just another tour," but asked the Travel Service Bureau of Brookline, Massachusetts, an organization which specializes in group tours for organizations such as ours, to plan one especially for us. The result is a tour as complete and deluxe as any but costing almost *one-fourth less* than comparable tours.

Great care has gone into the planning for our Pilgrimage. We're travelling during the "not-so-crowded" period but



CAIRO, EGYPT, with Elrifai Mosque in foreground. A visit to this great mosque as well as the city is in store for "Pilgrims."

when the weather should be all on our side.

On our way, we'll see gay and exciting Paris as well as Rome and Athens. We'll ride camelback in Egypt and shop in Cairo's teeming bazaars.

We'll enter India's traditional gateway—Bombay, and spend three nights there reacquainting ourselves in this land of tremendous contrasts.

A quick flight to Delhi and then to Srinagar in the Vale of Kashmir for four days:—

"A Vale of purple glens and snow-cold streams,
Broad meadows lush with verdure,
flower and fruit,
The broad-leafed maple towering in his pride,
The Temple's noble ruin, on the height;
The poplar lines that mark the homestead there,
Calm lakes that bear the lotus on their breast."

We return to Delhi which is our headquarters for the next five days. We have many exciting things in store for you here. An elephant ride at Amber, a visit to the Palace of the Maharaja of Rajasthan in Jaipur, the pink city, and, of course, a visit to Agra.

Our pilgrimage is especially timed to be in Agra at *full moon time*. Many who have wandered the whole world over insist that the Taj Mahal by the light of the full moon is the most glorious sight in the world. We'll be there to see this spectacle and reminisce about it the rest of our lives.

We'll also visit the holy Hindu city of Benares, Sarnath, where Buddha first preached, and, of course, Calcutta. Change has been marked in Calcutta but we'll see much that is familiar.

On our return home we stop in Bangkok, highlight of any "Round the World" tour. We'll visit in its quaint river markets as well as its fabulous temples.



SHIKARIS on the Jelum River at Srinagar, Kashmir. Everyone on the Pilgrimage to India will have his own shikari while in Srinagar. Photo by Govt. of India.

A stopover in Hong Kong, five days in Japan, and two in our own Hawaiian Islands complete our trip of trips.

We leave New York on October 8th

and return to Los Angeles November 20th. Our travel for the most part will be aboard superb Pan American Clippers and TWA Constellation Skyliners—the finest aircraft available.

So many subscribers were interested in the tour that we have published enough brochures to go around to all. Within a few days you will receive our leaflet describing in greater detail this outstanding tour. While it has been planned primarily for Roundup's readers, we are glad to extend an invitation to your friends also. If you know of someone who may be planning such a trip, pass the leaflet along. We'd be delighted to have them join us in this low cost tour if recommended by you. We guarantee one and all the time of their life.

If you wish further information, let us know, or drop a line direct to (CBI-er) Larry Leenhouts at Travel Service Bureau, Inc., 318 Harvard St., Brookline 46, Mass., who'll be glad to answer your questions and assist in any way that he can.

Life in a

CALCUTTA SLUM

From The Calcutta Statesman

DOMPARA IS A festering labyrinth of bustees, a stone's throw from wide, modern Chittaranjan Avenue. A car can wander down its main road and suddenly find itself unable to go forward so narrow are the lanes and so close the press of buildings. The drains, where there are drains, are overflowing with refuse. Refuse dumps spread across the road, now at the doorway of a crowded tenement and now piled against the opening of a bustee shop. Unfiltered water gurgles from an opening near the only filtered water tap in the vicinity. Women queue with their pots and pans at one, and children make their ablutions at the other. Over all is the stench of unattended dumps and open drains, and a cattle pen contained in the ruins of an old house at the very center of the bustee. Every inch of the crumbling walls are caked with fresh cow dung, on which flies swarm. In houses nearby, doors open and dark, like caves, women sit preparing the evening meal. Children kick about in the rubbish and squat in the open drains.

I had been told that Dompapa was one large studio in which the gay decorations of rich weddings are designed and made,

and I would have left the area convinced that nothing creative could possibly find genesis in its filth, had not one-eyed Kamal Mallick smilingly assured me that this indeed was the place I was looking for. "There is someone come to write about us," he yelled happily, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by a horde of inquisitive people, some only too eager to tell me all about their work and others secretive and suspicious. "Don't write about us," said an old man wrapping a gamcha about his waist. "Let me show you our stinking cowshed, which kills many of us every year."

In almost every house opening onto the narrow, filth-piled lanes there was some sign of cottage industry. Men were splitting bamboo and women were weaving it into baskets. Others again were making umbrellas and walking sticks. In one hut was evidence of clay modelling and quite competent painting, in another golf markers were being made. It seems Dompapa has long been a center of artistic activity. "Our fathers' fathers were here," Kamal told me, "and probably their fathers before them. As you see, the place is very old and dirty." At present more than 100 people of all ages are engaged in the area's industry. My guide, for instance, works in a technical training college, is in charge of Dompapa's Red Cross milk distribution center, and, of course, makes decorative floats, cane weaves and leads the agitation against the unwelcome, gaseous cowshed.

—THE END.

14th Evac. Nurse Passes

● Am sorry to report that Lt. Harriet E. Marcotte passed away on Oct. 4, 1954. She was with the 14th Evac. Hospital up on the Ledo Road in 1943. Her lack of resistance to fight this final infection had its origin in what she acquired in the CBI. She enjoyed the magazine very much.

DOROTHY LAPNOW,
An ANC Buddy,
Santa Monica, Calif.

On Ledo Road in 1952!

● The other evening at a dinner here I met Mr. Robert M. Van Sant Jr., a subscriber to your magazine. As I served in Burma two years recently (1950-52) with the U.S. Embassy staff, I was interested in learning of his adventures during the war. Two years ago this past summer when I left Burma, I traveled out of the country, and all the way back to Europe by surface. The initial stage of this journey was made by rail from Rangoon to Mandalay, river boat from Mandalay to Katha, rail again from Katha to Myitkyina, and truck (weapons carrier) and foot over the old Ledo

Road from Myitkyina to Ledo. I believe I was the first white man to have gone over this road since 1947. In that year Mr. Teg-enfeldt, a Baptist missionary in Myitkyina, drove over the road to India, on his furlough. Later the same year most of the bridges were washed out by heavy floods. The road is now, at best, a dry season road, and really has almost reverted to a trail. It is in fairly good condition as far as Tanai, 120 miles from Myitkyina, but the going gets rough beginning from there. Most of the streams must be forded, and it is

for this reason (besides the other effects of the weather) that the road is impassable in the rainy season. The frontier post on the Indian side, formerly known as Nampung now is officially designated as "Hell Gate," after the term used by the soldiers in this area during the war. When I passed there the immigration officer told me I was the first European to appear during his tenure at that post. I doubt whether any more Americans have passed that way since my trip, although I cannot be sure. I know, however, that the Burmese will not admit travelers from that direction, while I myself was arrested by the Indian authorities for entering a tribal area without a permit.

ROBERT B. SHAW,
New York, N. Y.

Indian Brides

● Any report on how the Indian brides made out in this country? Is such a report worth a squib in the magazine sometime? . . . Without Roundup, our memories would now be very hazy as the years pass, and that must never happen.

FRANK SCANNELL,
Cambridge, Mass.

Never heard of an Indian-GI marriage. We have a good many British brides on our lists, all happily married and enjoying life in this country.
—Ed.



HAVING UNLOADED a cargo of pipe for the pipeliners at Mangshih, China, a C-47 takes off on return trip to India to pick up another load. U.S. Army photo, Jan. 18, 1945.



SGT. PAUL K. DALE, message center chief of the 11th Army Group, Supply Depot, near the Mangshih airfield in China. Here's a man who went in for pin-ups! U.S. Army photo.

ATC at Calcutta

● Spent two years in CBI, mostly in India. The greater part of my tour of duty was spent at Calcutta. I was in charge of the Transportation office of ATC. We had our headquarters at Hastings Mill, and an office in the Hindusthan Building. I traveled from Dum Dum air base to Hastings, Hindusthan, Barrackpore and the King George Docks. It was my duty to see that the supplies for ATC were transported and delivered to the various bases in CBI. Many a time I traveled the narrow road from Hastings to the main highway to Calcutta, to circumvent the crossing of the Hooghly river in boats. We sure had a wonderful bunch of men assigned and attached to our ATC units. See you in St. Louis next year.

ARTHUR G. FORTIER,
Chicago, Ill.

Shanghai EM Club

● I was on the group board that organized and set up the Shanghai Enlisted Men's (and women's) Club and would like to hear from any of the other fellows and gals who also served. Enjoy each issue of the magazine very much.

A. G. HACK, Jr.
1706 Embassy Dr.,
Jacksonville, Fla.



GENERAL WEDEMEYER and staff stand at attention as the Chinese military band plays the American National Anthem in Wedemeyer's honor at Nanning airfield. U.S. Army photo.

628th QM Refrig. Co.

● Just saw the Nov. 1954 issue and enjoyed it very much. I belonged to the 628th QM Refrigeration Co., which operated ice plants along the railroad to Ledo. If any of the men from my company read Roundup I'd be happy to hear from them.

W. EDWARD RIESETT,
Baltimore, Md.

Everything Familiar

● Please send me another Roundup Binder. They are really an attraction on my book shelf. No need to tell you how much I enjoy the magazine. Although I rarely see a familiar name among those who write in, I do see and read about familiar stations and events that occurred in the CBI.

KEITH WORME,
Ozone Park, N. Y.

Close to Boats!

● . . . as for winding up in the horse branch of the cavalry, I told my interviewer that I had had a lot of experience in small boats and would love to be assigned to anything that floated. I was just what the doctor ordered, he said. There was a big need for men to operate all sorts of craft. My next stop: Fort Riley, Kansas, which geographically is in the center of the United States and the point most distant from salt water! I am sure this would surprise no army man.

JACK DEVLIN,
New York, N. Y.

Struck Home!

● Your swell magazine really struck home again. In the January issue, page 18, was a picture of some of my old 25th Airways outfit at Yangkai, China (later moved to Chanyi to become 1342nd ATC). The fellow on the left is Roy Peterman, asst. line chief, and next to him is Capt. Short, our C.O. Two really swell guys to work for as were all the rest of the outfit.

WILLARD SECCOMBE,
No. Hollywood, Calif.

'Yank's Magic Carpet'

● The power of Roundup! I have a copy of "Yank's Magic Carpet," had it since my India days, but not until it appeared in Roundup did I ever read it!

HAROLD B. LONG,
Miami, Fla.



THE DEEPAK MAHAL, used as barracks and rest center for American troops at Bombay. The modernistic building was located on Marine Drive. Photo by Dean R. Mears.

44th Air Service Group

From **George C. Prager**: "Doc **Sam Braffman** is still filling 'em and pulling 'em in New Haven, Conn.; Last I heard "Judge" **Hy Roven** is still single, does ice skating as a hobby and teaches it at Grossinger's on Lake Placid; **Jack Lynch**, 2116th QM Co., adjutant and C. O. is a credit reporter for Dun & Bradstreet; **Harry Simpson**, Hq. Sq. is bragging about his daughter Nancy up there in Greenville, Me.; **George D. Palmer**, P.O.L. officer, finished a second hitch a while back—involuntary, he was in the reserves—and is now back in the advertising business in Beverly Hills, Calif.; **Gilbert U. Gaston**, 497th ASSq., is Justice of the Peace in Whistler, Ala., and works for McKesson-Robbins; **Fred Heuberger**, Hq. Personnel Section, still involved in the stock market in New York City; **James M. Ingram**, Hq. Sq. 1st Sgt., owns a gasoline station at Texarkana; Lt. Col. **Raymond Hagenbuch**, Exec. Officer and later C.O., settled in a Lake Shore Drive apartment (Chicago) with his wife, he's an executive of the Crane Co.; Lt. Col. **Fred Zimmerman**, Group Adjutant, building up a family in Mill Valley, Calif., works for the government; Lt. Col. **Guy Carnathan**, Group QM, playing politics in Kosciusko, Miss. He's an alderman there, his wife Maureen reports their baby is growing up to be a bigger man than his father; **Clem Cole**, Communications Officer, 1111th Signal Co., is enjoying life at Escalon, Calif.; **Mitchell Osikowitz**, 497th personnel clerk, is working for the State of Illinois, Dept. of Labor; Capt. **Norbert E. Welch**, 1080th Commissary Officer, probation officer of the Western State Penitentiary, Pittsburgh, still single and disguised with a

crew cut; **Nathan Bailey**, Hq. Sq., employed with the State of New York; **George Strunk**, Hq. Statistical clerk, lost his wife some time ago and I've lost contact with him since; **George Trenck**, Hq. Sq., a cabinet maker deluxe, and engages in general carpentry in Chicago; last I heard from **Leland Gruber**, 498th, he was working for the State of Illinois, Dept. of Revenue; saw Col. **McCullough**, Group C.O., in Long Beach moons ago, he's now a Brig. Gen. commanding a reserve wing at Mitchell Field, N. Y.; Lt. Col. **Franklin Ferguson**, Group Adjutant, was recalled from the reserve and put in considerable time at Chanute Field; Maj. **Lewis Beers**, Group S-2, advises me he is still single and engaged in the shoe business at Newnan, Ga.; as for me, I'm still in the reserves, still single, a systems analyst with Admiral Corporation in Chicago, still meddling in politics, getting younger every day, losing my hair anyway! During 1952-53, Prager, who was Group Adjutant, was adjutant and finance officer of the CBI Vets Assn.—Ed.

Jay Jackson, 1111th Signal Co., writes: "Sorry I can't be of some help, but I'll be damned if I've seen anybody from the 44th since I came to New York." Jay did mention that Marion Moore (now Del Moore) plays the lead on "Lift With Elizabeth", popular TV comedy. He was with Jay the last few months of the war at radio station VU2ZV, Chabua.

Here's some scattered information on some of the men. **Joe Cicerello**, Medics, runs the Layton Park Beer Depot at Milwaukee, Wis.; Doc **Paul G. Dubois**, handsome M. D., is practicing at Colo. Spgs., Colo.; **Donald V. Doyle**, Hq. Sq. orderly room, finished school after the war, became an attorney and recently ran for public office at Sioux City, Ia.; **Charles Mondhan**, Medics, part owner of a huge plywood mill at Anacortes, Wash.; **Chris Dariotis**, Hq. special services, running a large laundry at Seattle; **James V. McGettrick**, a Lt. Col. on duty with the air force in Japan at last report; **William A. Keyes**, Group QM section, a "wheel" with Ford Motor Co. at Detroit, married a good-looking gal just last year; **Robert Micheli**, the shy corporal in the Group photo section, now a professor at Harvard University; **Harry Schuloff**, who didn't go overseas with the 44th, just keeps up with the old gang thru Roundup, is an auto parts

Hotel Jefferson

Welcomes

**8th Annual CBI Reunion
to St. Louis . . .**

the HOME of Forest Park . . . world
famous MUNY OPERA and ZOO . . .
St. Louis Cardinals . . . world's largest
brewery and many other attractions.

COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED

salesman at Perth Amboy, N. J.; **Adrian Bierwiler**, 1080th QM Co., killed in an industrial accident a few years ago.

From **Donald V. Doyle**: "**Harvey Matyas**, Hq. Sq., working with the Post Office Dept. in Milwaukee, married and has two children; **Arlon Benz**, Hq. Sq., Motor Pool, married and farming near Livermore, Ia.; **Robert Levy**, Hq. Sq., Finance, traveling the U. S. with a government medical unit.

Major **Stuart Scott Jr.**, C. O. of the 498th Sv. Sq., still with Carlisle & Jacquelin, stocks and bonds firm in New York; **Chester Moore**, the Ordnance M-Sgt. of Hq. Sq., recently moved to Denver, says **Lester D. McClure** working for an aircraft company in California; **Paul Goldstein**, Hq. Sq. orderly room, running a delicatessen in New York City; **Clarence Gordon**, Hq. Sq., personnel section, Ex-CBI Roundup editor; Col. **Marvin Sledge**, still on active duty at the time of the Korean incident and put in some time there; **Donald J. Haga**, Hq. Sq., married and running a printing plant in Grand Rapids; **Wm. B. Scriber**, Finance Section, a "wheel" in the banking business at Winnsboro, La.; **Frank J. Falen**, Special Services, a policeman at Akron, Ohio, before and after the war, now a ranking detective; **Earl C. (Chief) Williams**, Hq. Sq., just recently heard from in the V. A. Hospital at Sioux Falls, S. D.

Leslie T. Anderson, aircraft electrician for the 498th, now working as a central office maintenance man with the General Telephone Co. of California, lives in Ontario, Calif.; **Warren C. Dunn**, truck driver for the 498th, a truck mechanic for Chevrolet Garage at Compton, Calif.

Stuart Scott Jr., C. O. of the 498th Air Service Squadron, who has been issuing a Christmas Letter each year for former members, has announced this year's—the 9th—will be the last due to lack of interest on part of so many. Here are some



GROUP MEN pose at 1950 CBI Reunion, Bloomington, Ill. They are (in front) Wm. A. Keyes, Joe Cicerello, (rear) George C. Prager, John Moehring, Clarence Gordon and Leland Gruber.

briefs from this year's newsletter: **Con Scheb**, conductor on Reading RR for 8 years; **Clarence Thiede**, now with Castle Woodworking Co. of Melrose Park, Ill; **Jake Stanss** runs large cattle ranch in Wis., keeps in touch with **Lloyd Western**, also farming in Wis., and **Joe Youngren** in Wash.; **Ed Samek** farms 780 acres in North Dakota; **George Mellenthin** also farms in Wis.; **Allen Meredith** graduated from High Point (N. C.) College in May, 1954; **Carl Bonebrake** runs a watch repair shop at Dighton, Kan.; **Ruben Kidd** with a camera shop at Salem, Va.; **Myron Cooper** with the Colorado State Highway Dept., lives in Boulder; **Harvey Schmidt** recently returned from a tour of duty in Japan; **Phil Dearborn** with the Portland & Montreal Pipeline Co.; **John Moehring**, still in the metal business and still single; **Bert Culver** spent the winter of '52 in California building a plant he had designed; **Mark Scruggs** reported from Barksdale Field which he says has changed quite a bit since we were there; **Leonda Hansen** still works at the Bear River (Utah) Bird Refuge in the Fish & Wildlife Service; **Art Wells** sees more of the world than most sailors do, as he is in the Air Force Refueling Service; **Vessie Greene** is asst. mgr. of a Chrysler-Plymouth dealership in Blackstone, Va.; **Willie Ogan** running a cleaning and dyeing firm at Bismarck, N. D.; **Jim Conlon** with the commodity firm of A. C. Israel & Co., in New York; **Henry Hansen** of Dallas, S. D., passed away of malaria fever.

From **Richard H. Stover**, C. O. of the 497th Air Service Squadron; **Wayne P. Clouse**, a crane operator in a truck body plant at Indianapolis; **Dale W. Carpenter** works in the CMSt. P&P office at Indianapolis; Major **Robert C. Brown**, on active duty with the AF at Wiesbaden, Germany; **Willard R. Sorenson**, farmer at Beaver, Ore.; and "**Smoky**" **Stover** is a grinding wheel salesman for A.P. DeSanno & Son at Indianapolis.

Ellicott McConnell, 1111th Signal, still attending the University of Minnesota, received his MS a year ago and hopes to obtain a Ph. D. in entomology; **H. W. Roberts-Horsfield**, has been ordained and last heard from had a church in Ringoes, New Jersey.

Robert B. Guyot, 498th, fire insurance rep. at Traverse City, Mich., past five years, married with three kids; **Stephen A. Kalista**, 1111th Signal Co. radio repairman, an electrical engineer with Tungsol at Bloomfield, N. J.; **LaVerne Blevins**, also 1111th, with Westinghouse in New York City; **Robert Findlay**, another 1111th man, with Western Electric Co. at Chicago.

—THE END

Momentary Homesickness

● Am greatly pleased with the magazine, just received. I'm sorry I didn't know about it eight years ago. When I saw the picture of the parade at Agra on page 2 of the Nov. issue, I thought I would flip my lid. It made me homesick for a moment. Just a moment! Am looking forward to the reunion at St. Louis. As I spent two Stateside years there before going to Agra, I've always wanted an excuse to go back. St. Louis is really the city of "dear hearts and gentle people." I especially want to take another excursion on the S.S. Admiral and a stroll thru Forest Park . . . I like the book review section.

CARROLL F. SMITH,
Holcombe, Wis.

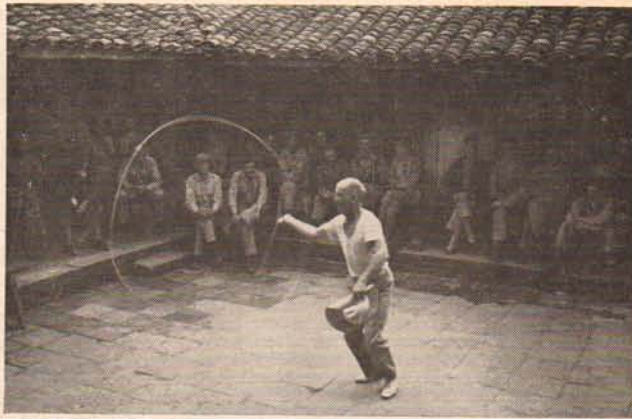
From Comedian Brown

● Had a nice visit with a gang of swell sahibs and their (what's the fem for sahib?) wives in St. Louis. The magazine's name was kicked around — pleasantly — that night. It is still only great. A happy holiday season to all CBI-ers, and best wishes for 1955.

JOE E. BROWN,
Los Angeles, Calif.



PATIENTS COMING through the chow line in the patients' mess hall, 234th General Hospital at Chabua. U.S. Army photo, April 20, 1944.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS west of the Salween being entertained by U.S.O. show No. 99. Jack Cavanaugh is doing rope tricks for the GI's. U.S. Army photo, Oct. 2, 1944.

Tour in England

● Just returned from a 26-month tour of duty in Wimpole Park, England. Sorry to have missed the CBI reunion but hope to attend next year. I was a nurse with the 20th General Hospital near Ledo and enjoyed receiving my copies of Roundup. I met quite a few CBI-ers while in England and informed them of the magazine, also gave them mine to read in hope they would be interested enough to subscribe.

Capt. ELSIE SOURS,
Moody AFB, Ga.

5th Degree

● The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been awarded to Samuel Engle Burr Jr. Dr. Burr's academic work already has led to the award of four degrees previous to the Ph. D. Last year Dr. Burr authored the "China APO" series in Roundup. Currently he is a Professor of Education at The American University in Wash., D.C. He recently was appointed by Col. Walter C. Bowman to serve as editor of "The Purple Heart Magazine."

Dr. VAHAN MORLIAN,
Golden State University,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Nothing Else Done

● Last week a buddy of mine was talking of the old days in CBI and in the course of conversation he mentioned Ex-CBI Roundup and told me he had all of the back copies, to the first issue. I borrowed them and read every single one, got nothing else done for three days! I enjoyed every minute, reliving memories good and bad. Was just a little disappointed not to see more about the mule skimmers, veterinary outfits and forward station hospitals.

Dr. SHERMAN GLASS,
Maysville, Ky.



News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman

NEW DELHI—Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia is expected to visit India in December and will go tiger-shooting in Madhya Bharat. His first major social engagement in the Union capital will be a State banquet.

KARIMGANJ — Wild elephants are again on the rampage in the Kalinagar area, about 25 miles from here. As a result, the villagers who are mostly refugees, have been forced to spend the night on machans.

CALCUTTA — A five-day strike of 6,000 dock workers demanding better working conditions has stopped tea exports from this port, harbor authorities admitted (Dec. 3).

NEW DELHI—In an outspoken attack on Indian Communists, Mr. Nehru described them as "professional trouble-makers" who did not have the good of the country at heart and who incited the people against the Government for their own ends.

DARJEELING — Mr. Borden Reams, the U. S. Consul in Calcutta, is expected to arrive here during the second week of December to present a bronze replica of the Cullum Geographical Medal of the U. S. Geographical Society to Tenzing Norgay, in honor of the conquest of Everest.

CALCUTTA—Improvement of the outward appearance of Calcutta by preventing encroachment on pavements by roadside shops and vendors is the aim of a new set of laws pending consideration by the Standing Works Committee. Almost the first to be affected will be the panwallahs.

RANGOON—Burma and Japan signed on Nov. 5, 1954, a peace treaty and reparations agreement, thus ending a state of war existing between the two countries for the past 13 years.

ASANSOL—An order was promulgated Oct. 17th throughout Asansol and the steel town of Burnpur prohibiting meetings, demonstrations, processions or carrying of lathis and other weapons. A fatal stabbing in Burnpur set off rioting mobs.

JODHPUR—The Thakurani of Bira, widow of Brigadier Jabbar Singh, committed *sati* Oct. 21st, burning herself to death on the funeral pyre of her husband who had died Oct. 18th. The Brigadier was comptroller of the Maharaja of Jodhpur's household. The Thakurani was 35 years old.

NEW DELHI—A group of Indian farm boys will be selected to go to the U.S.A. in April under the International Farm Youth Exchange Program sponsored by the 4-H Club Foundation of the U.S.A. The boys will spend five to six months as working guests of carefully selected American farm families, to learn about American farm life as compared with India. (And what a surprise these kids are in for!—Ed.)

KHARAGPUR — An I. A. F. plane crashed into a rice field here and the pilot was killed. The plane was said to be ready to land at Kalaikunda airstrip.

KARACHI—A woman preferred death to transfusion of blood from a lower caste blood donor. The wife of one of Hyderabad's zamindars was advised to undergo a blood transfusion for acute anaemia. She agreed on condition that the blood donor be a woman of her caste. She died as the doctors could not get a "high caste" donor.

NEW DELHI—An inquiry into living conditions of 17,600,000 agricultural workers throughout India has disclosed that the average Indian farmer earns Rs. 104 per year (about \$22). The average per capita income in the entire nation is Rs. 264 per year (about \$55).

CHANDERNAGORE — This former French settlement was formally integrated with West Bengal on Oct. 2nd.

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CITIZENS OF Kiang Ting, Tibet, line the main business street to watch jeep of the Sino-American Horse Purchasing Bureau pass. The men are enroute to Ying Kiang Chai where they will contact natives with horses for sale. U.S. Army photo.

Horses for the Chinese

ONE OF THE strangest missions ever accomplished by the U.S. Army took place in the spring and summer of 1945.

American infantry officers in China were aware of an acute shortage of pack horses for the Chinese armies. In the previous nine years of war with the Japanese, the enemy had rounded up and taken possession of more than half the pack animals in China.

Thus the "Sino-American Horse Purchasing Bureau" was organized in March, 1945. The small group of American offi-

cers and men were attached to the Chinese Combat Command (CCC), Maj. Gen. R. B. McClure, commanding.

Headed by Capt. Richard A. Shea, the unit jeeped through hitherto unused trails into Tibet on a horse and mule-buying spree. Because of primitive conditions enroute and lack of communications, a few Chinese troops accompanied the unit.

The following pages of Signal Corps photos tell better than words of the strange but successful mission. We wonder who's using these horses today?

Horses for the Chinese



MEN OF THE Unit shovel out a partially blocked trail on the way to Kiang Ting. The route was slow.

SWAPPING THEIR jeep for horses, Americans are guided by Tibetan natives to a nearby village to inspect horses for possible purchase. Some of the Unit was left behind to guard supplies.



PFC. CLARENCE Corliss (left) and Lt. Robert Dyggert (seated, front) are greeted by Tibetan traders who have brought them gifts of wine which they are drinking.





TIBETAN women watch from top of building as Tibetan herdsmen and Americans begin a horse drive to Hsi Chiang where the animals will be inspected for possible purchase.



LT. ROBERT DYGGERT and Pfc. Clarence Corliss inspect mangy horses which they expect to buy, as natives wait decision.

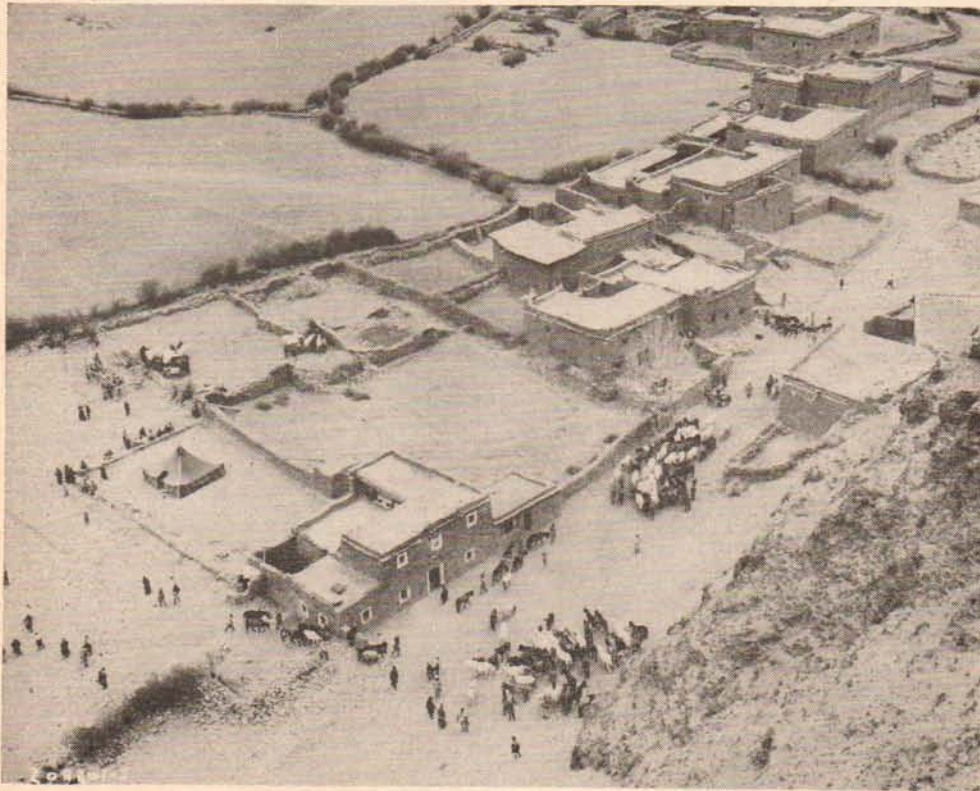


T/4 MICHAEL J. Brutscher looks over a mule, brought in for sale by these two Tibetans.



FISH CAUGHT by Chinese soldiers of Ying Kaing Choi garrison will supplement their diet. The streams of southern Tibet were said to be abundant with fish.

SMALL TIBETAN village to which natives have brought their horses for possible purchase.





T/4 JOHN E. FOIL explains field radio set to Tibetans. He is preparing to notify General McClure's headquarters that the Unit has purchased a quantity of horses which will soon be ready to ship to China.



BRANDING CHUTE where China-bound horses were marked with a U.S. Army brand.



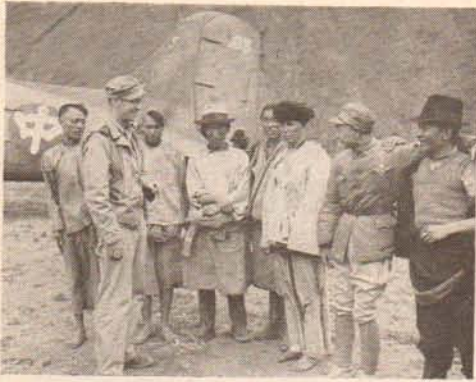
CHINESE NATIONAL Airways C-47 arrives at Ying Kiang Chai to begin transporting of animals to China. Here Tibetans and Chinese lift and push the plane from soft spot caused by heavy rains on the makeshift airstrip.



TIBETAN HEATS branding iron as Lt. Robert Dyggert looks on. All animals bought by the Unit will be branded before they are transported.



Capt. RICHARD A. SHEA, commanding officer of the Unit, gives money to Tibetan trader for purchase of horses. That pile of money on the table is real, but Chinese (1,500 to one American dollar). Note armed American and Chinese guards.



JAMES BURKE, War Correspondent who arrived at Ying Kiang Choi in the CNAC plane, talks to group of Chinese, Tibetans and Lulus on the airstrip.



T/5 CLARENCE CORLISS, Veterinarian Technologist of the Horse Purchasing Unit, inspects prayer beads worn by a Lama in Tibet.

MISSION COMPLETED, with horses and mules already enroute to the Chinese armies, men of the Unit arrive at their base camp from where they will jeep back to China.



305th Service Group

● Recently noticed a few letters from men in my old outfit. I believe I was with the 305th Air Service Group longer than anyone, starting with the original cadre in Savannah, Ga., and left India in Jan. 1944. Many of the men came through my office and altho I don't remember many of them, I am certain I left some impressions on them. I am also sure we were among the earliest arrivals in the Theatre.

Dr. LOUIS A. DOBEN,
Newark, N. J.

Sookerating Operator

● Was night switchboard operator and attached to Squadron D, 1337th AAF-BU, at Sookerating, India.

AUGUST MEYER,
Trona, Calif.

Gen. Haddon Tragedy

● In the Sept. 1954 issue there was a letter which quoted a newspaper clipping stating Brig. Gen. Julian B. Haddon was found at his desk at Maxwell AFB Ala., "shot in the head," his pistol lying nearby. Local papers reported it as an accident which occurred while he was cleaning his revolver. He is said to be in a "state of suspension" and will never be any better.

ANONYMOUS,
Montgomery, Ala.

3rd Air Depot

● My husband, Elvis R. Baker, was accidentally killed while removing a shotgun and a .22 rifle from a closet shelf in our home on Nov. 24, 1954. He was 32 years old. Elvis spent almost three years at Agra, India, with the 3rd Air Depot Supply. Upon separation from the Army in 1945, we went into the restaurant business which we have followed since.

Mrs. ELVIS R. BAKER,
Lubbock, Texas

India No Hole!

● Keep up the good work, but let's not make out India as too much of a pest hole. While in the service I was stationed in several places in the States I enjoyed less.

ELLIOTT McCONNELL,
St. Paul, Minn.

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FRUIT VENDORS solicit third class railway passengers at Pandu, India. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

Air Jungle Rescue

● Was a pilot with the 490th Bomb Squadron at Kurmitola, later organized and was C.O. of the 1st Air Jungle Rescue unit attached to the 10th Air Force. While with the rescue unit which covered all of Burma, we had many exciting experiences, one of them being the first rescue attempt made with a helicopter. This helicopter is shown on page 28 of the January issue. The crowd, like the one around the helicopter in the picture, was one of our biggest obstacles. The craft was the only one in the area and many people had never seen one before. We were stationed at Myitkyina at the time this picture was taken. The 5th Liaison Squadron worked very close with us and I knew many of the boys, including Capt. King, their C.O. who was a flying buddy of mine in the old bomb squadron.

LEO J. KENNEY,
Cody, Wyo.

Brig. Gen. Brown

● I see my old colonel of the 1st Tank Group is now Brig. Gen. Rothwell H. Brown, serving in Pakistan with MAAG.

HARRY BINDER,
Bridgeport, Ohio



CHINESE WOMEN slowly break rocks for use in construction of the airfield at Luliang, China. U.S. Army photo.

DURGA PUJA

From The Calcutta Statesman

THE CITY vibrates to the beat of drums and the blue-grey pungent smoke of incense seeps through lanes and streets under the press of night. In her myriad pandals the Goddess of Durga is manifested in as many forms—classically serene or magnificently virile—the great mother or the eternal huntress—and all about the city seethes with excitement and color. The pandals by day look small and unnatural. They fill the parks and vacant city plots like a giant fungus, unlovely outside where tarpaulins lie lean on their skeletons of bamboo, and richly intoxicating within where the deities ride the clouds of incense smoke.

A never-ending procession of people come and go, the rich and the poor leveled in the flattery of new clothes, the young full of wonder and the old filled with reverence. Upon them all the Goddess smiles, and at her feet, within mosaics of flowers and small offerings, the priests sit in worship, their low chants rising with the incense and punctuated with the tintinabulation of bells and the long blasts of conches.

So Durga Puja comes to Calcutta. While others prepared we watched the rising pandals unmoved. Just another Puja. We had seen it before—the striped awnings, the loud music, drums in the night and images gaudy with fresh paint. We remarked to each other that the spirit was lacking—that this year somehow we did not feel the infectious atmosphere or the urge to celebrate. The pandals were dressed and drummers sat waiting employment down Bow Bazar street. Days grew hot, with dust in the air, and storms growling on the horizon.

Sunday was stifling, when the images were brought to their pandals, but on Monday when the Goddess had been installed with due pomp and ceremony and flags and bunting flapped gaily in the streets, the rain poured down relentlessly so that people sheltering in shops or under dripping umbrellas reminded each other that Durga had this year arrived on an elephant, signal for

deluge and abundant crops. Then suddenly, with the rolling back of clouds, the freshness of grass and pandals steaming in the brilliant sunshine we felt the old impact of Durga Puja—the urge to rush out and spend wantonly in the late-closing shops, visit friends, wear our new clothes and go immediately on a round of the pandals, where loud music, the race of drums, the arathi dancers, bobbing balloons, decorations and blazing lights were as the sun to a freshly living moth emerging from its chrysalis.

Do people sleep during the four days of Puja? I think not. Never are the pandals empty and never it seems does the music and the drumming rest. Perhaps we wait and watch for miracles—some sign that the living spirit of the Goddess is in possession of the bodies we have built for her. Surely when the arathi dancer prostrates himself before Durga and slowly rises to invoke her with his impassioned dance, he secretly hopes that lost somewhere in the smoky mysterious world of sound he is about to penetrate, he might come face to face with the living Goddess and beg from her a smile in benediction. The old woman who passes like a shadow into the pandal and pledges the mother Goddess her failing eyes as offering—does she prostrate herself before an image of river clay or the majesty of the eternal woman who saw fit once to deliver Sita from Raven in answer to a despairing husband's prayer?

When you yourself stand in the cavern of the pandal, in a world suddenly full of brilliance, new sensations and sound it is not easy to forget that outside is a grimy Calcutta park and beyond the city full of upheavals, poverty, misery and frustration. Here is joy and a deliberate ignoring of complicated life. Your neighbors in excitement may be rich or poor, of another caste, another creed and another race. It does not matter. The Goddess, the music, the illuminations and the underlying mystery have you captive in a subtly blended mesh.

Tomorrow (Oct. 7) the Goddess will leave us for another year—by dola, an inauspicious mode of travel—and the pandals will be as empty suddenly as we ourselves will be unfathomed excitement. For one last hectic hour the Goddess will reign in her myriad aspects upon the river bank where lights will blaze late across the water. Boats will take her far out into the stream and the whole river will echo to the throb of drums and the excited chatter of spectators. And then the boats will return empty and another Puja will have passed by.

—THE END

MATCHLESS SKIPPER

By COL. JOHN M. VIRDEN

TRADE RUMOR has it that one of America's multi-million copies weekly magazines is dickering for the full life story of Claire L. "Pop" Chennault.

Should General Chennault agree to tell all, and a good writer—one who could understand Pop Chennault—be assigned to do the piece, here will really be an American epic.

In another age, Pop Chennault would have been a pirate. And he'd have ranked with Sir Henry Morgan and Sir Francis Drake and some of the other sea-going gentry who split their time between empire-building and brigandage.

Maybe it would be more accurate to say that Claire Chennault is more like a modern Ethan Allen or Mad Anthony Wayne, or perhaps just a better educated edition of Nathan Bedford Forrest. With the exception of Ethan, who did spend a part of his time in the bastille, that trio somehow managed to live just this side of the law all their valiant lives.

Since the day he got his first pair of shoes to wade around through the Louisiana swamps, Claire Chennault has been a man of violent convictions, a figure of controversy. There is no middle ground with him, you love the rugged old man or you wish somebody would shoot him.

He was my wartime boss in China. He's a matchless skipper, but I'd hate to have him for a foe.

He was an odd pod in the old Air Corps. But he could and would do anything. By the time he was 35 he was the hottest pilot in the service, was going deaf, had sired nine kids, and scrambled almost every regulation in the book. So they retired him to fish out the rest of his life.

They didn't know it, of course, but Claire Chennault's life had only begun.

He took off for China and very shortly was closer to, and more trusted by, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek than anybody else in the world, including Madame Chiang.

Chennault came back to the USA and recruited a collection of outlaws and dedicated zealots and built the American Volunteer Group, better known as



the "Flying Tigers." These hot rocks got good pay and \$500 in gold for every Nip shot down. And plenty were. The AVG was a wild and dangerous clan. Nobody but tough old Pop Chennault could have kept them in hand. He did.

When the USA went to war they were inducted wholesale into the Army Air Corps. Some didn't like that. They'd been hauling down more per day than now they'd make in a month. General Chennault took the objectors to one side, pulled out a thin little volume and read them the Articles of War, particularly those which end: "Death, or such other penalty as the Court Martial may direct. . . ." They got the point. Some of them rose to high command in the China Air Task Force and the mighty 14th Air Force which ruled Asiatic skies until the end of the war. Some of them are still with Pop Chennault, flying transports for his CAT set-up out of Formosa.

Pop Chennault has lived more than a dozen average adventurers. He's shown no signs of slowing down. His face looks like it has worn out three bodies already. But I guess it hasn't, for he's a mighty spry fellow with boundless cold nerve who still thinks about tomorrow and never yesterday.

—THE END

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- 5. \$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond.
- 6. \$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond.
- 7. \$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond.

ABOVE ARE seven good reasons why you should enter Roundup's subscription contest! Although the contest has been on since November 1st, it lasts until June 1st so you still have plenty of time.

Obviously the purpose of Roundup's contest is to give you an incentive to help us spread the word of the magazine's existence to every possible CBI man and woman. This year marks the 10th anniversary of the war's end and there are still thousands (about 95%!) who have yet to see a copy or hear of Ex-CBI Roundup.

At the time we go to press there have been but a few entries in the contest, which means a better chance for you!

Remember, all it takes to win is to sell more subscriptions than the next fellow. Send the subscriptions with remittance to us as you get them, so we can get the new subscriber started to receive the magazine. We'll do the rest, keeping an accurate record of the subscriptions you have sold until June 1st when the winners will be announced.

So, if you haven't already started your campaign, read the sample contest rules and get yourself started on the road toward winning a prize, maybe the GRAND prize of \$500 cash! Drop a line to your buddies from your old outfit. Tell them about Roundup and mention you are entered in the contest and would like to have their subscription. We'll bet the fellow will thank **you** for getting him acquainted with the magazine. In any

event, he will surely enjoy reminiscing with us each month.

There are many ways to sell Roundup subscriptions. Actually, it doesn't take a job of salesmanship. It's more a task of merely **telling** the CBI-er there is such a publication in existence!

Try it! You may be surprised at the results!

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to all paid subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup.

2. Awards will be presented to the persons who secure the greatest number of new subscriptions between Nov. 1, 1954, and June 1, 1955. Prizes will be awarded to winners as follows: 1st Prize, \$500.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 3rd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 4th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 5th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond. In case of tie for any one award, the cash value of prize will be divided equally among those competing for that award.

3. Subscriptions must be sold to bona fide CBI veterans or persons who served with the U.S. Forces in the CBI Theatre during World War II, who are not now or have not been subscribers during the six previous months.

4. Subscriptions must be forwarded to Ex-CBI Roundup with remittance to cover within five days after sale to new subscriber. Contestant's name and address should appear on same sheet with new subscriber's.

5. Final subscriptions must be forwarded and postmarked not later than midnight, June 1, 1955.

6. Winning contestants will be notified by wire or air mail on June 2, 1955, and subsequently announced in Ex-CBI Roundup.

209th Engineer Combat Bn.

By Dr. Murray A. Massin

THE 209TH Engineer Combat Battalion had, on V-J Day, spent 24 months overseas, having left the United States on Sept. 9, 1943. At war's end, the battalion was one of the most decorated in the CBI Theatre. Their awards included one Distinguished Service Cross, four Silver Stars, 33 Bronze Stars, and 181 Purple Hearts.

The organization arrived in Ledo, Assam, after a trip across India by rail, truck and boat. Within a week they were set up for operations at Nawng Yang, mile 43 on the Ledo Road, 15 miles from the point.

Throughout the next six months an amazing variety of tasks were carried out by various components of the outfit. They operated a saw mill at Nawng Yang; laid the first pipe line over Pang-saw Pass, which is the highest point on the Ledo Road; built a tank farm at Hell Gate; installed the largest culvert system on the Road, at Thursday River; built and maintained a long stretch of roadway; and, finally, constructed bridges at the Tirap, Namchick, Nawng Yang, Tarung and Tawang Rivers.

The Tawang River bridge, 37 miles south of Shingbuiyang, was the longest bridge on the Ledo Road. It was an American H-20 running 1285 feet across. In most cases, the deadlines set by the Commanding General were beaten by several days. In early March, the men of the 209th gaily waved on columns of Merrill's Marauders as they passed down the road to begin their now famous jungle trek of nearly 1,000 miles. Had the Engineers known what fate had in store for them, their greetings to the Marauders would have been a great deal more solemn.

Soon afterward, the 10th Air Force began pressing for advance airfields in Burma, from which to support General Stilwell's ground advance toward Myitkyina. So, in April, the battalion took over the task of clearing airfields at Tingkaw Sakan and Warazup. The first Purple Heart for the battalion was awarded to Pfc. Albert Hudy of Co. "A" on May 15th, when Jap planes bombed and strafed the Warazup airfield in a surprise attack.



CAPT. CHARLES STEENBURG presents Bronze Star Medal to T/3 John Maczko of the 209th Medical Detachment. Locale is Burma. Photo by the author.

Suddenly, at 0300 hours, on May 23rd, Lt. Col. Leslie Sandvall, battalion C.O., was ordered to prepare the entire battalion for combat duty. Within 36 hours C-47's were taking off from Tingkaw and Warazup, fully loaded with the men who had helped build the fields. Just a week previous Merrill's Marauders had spent their last available strength in capturing Myitkyina air strip. The Engineers were called in to hold this valuable prize until General Stilwell could clear the town itself. As the planes landed on the mud-covered, crater-studded airfield, they were under attack from Jap artillery and sniper fire. The same planes took off soon afterward fully loaded with Marauder casualties.

The assignment of Chaplain Tobias to the unit gave the men a much needed boost in morale. They were truly a green and inexperienced group, having had very little combat training. They could bridge the largest rivers and move the highest mountains, but combat was yet another thing.

At this time, Capt. John Mattina, a West Point graduate, took over the all-important job of Artillery Officer, and with the aid of several of the remaining Marauders, gave hurried classes in the use of field pieces, mortars, and heavy calibre machine guns. It remained for bitter experience to complete the teaching.

One of the now laughable incidents told about the first night on the perimeter was related by one of the men of Co. "A." Before dark, they had strung a series of wires to which empty cans were attached, then booby trapped with hand grenades. The men then settled down in their fox holes, attempting to get some sleep.

However, it wasn't long before a full scale Banzai attack was being made on their position. The clatter of cans, followed by a few sudden explosions was the signal. Every man on the line opened up with all he had. After awhile the firing died down and all was quiet. The next morning at daybreak, eager eyes sought the territory outside the perimeter. A great roar of laughter arose. On the field in front, lay not dead Japs, but three dead mules and a couple of water buffalo. It certainly lifted the tension and the men were never again accused of being trigger-happy.

H. & S. Co. was given the task of supply for the battalion. T/4 Walter Sarocco, with a group under his control, was responsible for the evacuation of over 60 men from the aid station to the air strip, and each time the mule train returned it was laden with supplies. Shovel operators and cat skimmers found the complicated machinery of a pack mule quite a bit different from their previous servants, but they learned quickly.

Front line communications were also an extremely difficult problem. S/Sgt. Carmi Marsh handled this task creditably. The men of the medical detachment distinguished themselves with their fine first aid work under direct enemy fire. Three of them were awarded the Purple Heart.

Later on, attempts were made to air-drop supplies directly to the front lines. Many times the 209th was so deep in



CARPENTERS OF the 209th pose in Burma. They are Erik Isajoki, Angelo Bota, Charles Hills and Walter Wunnenberg. Photo by James Myers.

enemy territory that it was necessary for the retrievers to dash into open country under enemy fire. At one time T/5 Ben Curtis made seven successive trips one afternoon under such conditions.

On May 28th, just two days after the Engineers arrived, the Marauders began to pull out, and the 209th took over their position on the Mogaung-Myitkyina Railroad, over which the Japs were hoping to bring reinforcements. Meanwhile, General Stilwell's forces north of Myitkyina were preparing for the final push into the town.

The first Nip seen by the boys of Co. "B" is a story in itself. He came walking down the railroad track completely unaware of their concealed positions on either side. He might have walked right on into the position had not one of the men called to him. Like a flash, the Jap dove for the bushes and at the same time the men realized what he was. However, he didn't get very far before a hail of lead caught him. Needless to say, no one again ever entered the perimeter without being challenged.

ON MAY 31st the 236th Engineer Combat Battalion relieved the 209th at the railroad block. The 209th then took up positions on the main road leading to Mogaung. The story has already been related of how three fully loaded Jap trucks drove right into this ambush, and when the shooting was over, 89 Jap dead were counted.

On June 13th, Companies "A" and "B" were ordered to advance to a new position in the heart of Jap held territory. The Japs recovered quickly, and closed in behind the advance party, completely cutting them off from the rest of the battalion. For five days and

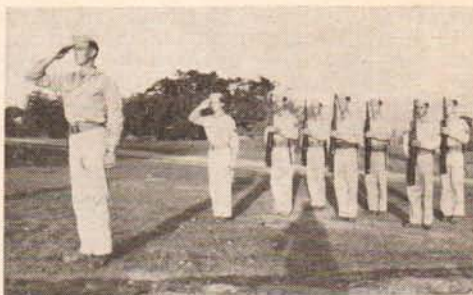


GROUP OF 209th men with two Burmese bearers at Tinghawk. Photo by James Myers.

nights these men were hopelessly surrounded. Numerous attempts by the remainder of the battalion, reinforced by the 236th, resulted only in heavy casualties, and finally all hope of reaching the trapped men was abandoned.

Many acts of heroism occurred during this action. Sgt. Russell Ritter gave his life trying to bring up sorely needed ammunition. Lt. Col. Coombs, Regimental Commander, led one attempt himself but was mortally wounded. Sgt. George Sohn, Sgt. Dwight Holman, and Capt. John Mattina risked their lives to bring him and three other wounded men to safety, but the colonel died soon afterward.

However, the men who were trapped did not despair so easily. Following a trail pioneered by S/Sgt. Lester Shockley of Co. "B" and led by Lt. Albert Falk, 85 of the men succeeded in finding their way to the main perimeter in small groups. Some of the wounded were carried in by their buddies. Others never made it. Two outstanding cases of heroism were credited to Pfc. John Miller and T/4 Harvey Rodgers, each of whom burdened with a wounded mate, became separated from the rest. Un-



W/O RICHARD ROBERTS posts guard near Namkham. Men are of H&S Co., 209th. Photo by author.

known to each other, they wandered within enemy lines for three days, but finally managed to bring both themselves and the wounded men to safety. They also brought back much valuable information concerning the enemy positions.

The 4th of July was celebrated, on orders from Headquarters, to fire a 60-second burst of all available weapons (including artillery) every hour on the hour. It is doubtful if the Japs ever realized what the shooting was all about.

At one time two men who were sent forward to scout enemy positions were pinned down by Jap machine guns. S/Sgt. Frank Tynan and Pfc. Erwin Sieh, with several others, moved a machine gun to a spot where they diverted enemy fire, thus giving the trapped men a chance to escape.

On July 18th, General Stillwell visited the front line positions of the 209th and personally presented medals to several of the men whose outstanding acts of heroism had been recognized. Chief among these was the presentation of the Distinguished Service Cross, second highest combat award, to S/Sgt. Alfred Miller of Co. "A." While in command of a forward machine gun post, the Japs made a violent attempt to overrun it. All of the men of Sgt. Miller's squad were wounded, and had the Japs reached them, the Engineers would have been killed. Sgt. Miller charged the enemy with an arm full of hand grenades. His action was so violent that he succeeded in killing a large number of Japs, and routing the rest. He then evacuated all of his men to safety.

When General Stilwell arrived to present the medal, Sgt. Miller was wearing only a pair of underwear shorts. His uniform had just been washed. Major Edward Mellinger, Battalion Executive Officer, lent him a fatigue jacket, and thusly attired, he was presented to the General by Major Charles Christian.

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Major Christian had taken over as Commanding Officer of the 209th when Col. Sandvall was wounded.

The 26th of July was a happy day. The first battalion of Infantry troops known as the Galahads came up to relieve the 209th and 236th. That completed 64 days under direct enemy fire for the 209th, but their task was not yet over. On July 30th, Co. "C" was ordered to the Irrawaddy River to block the attempts of many Japanese to evacuate the town by water. Machine guns were set up on motor boats, and in two days they had killed an estimated 150 Japs and captured 50 prisoners. Lt. Tommy Ryan and the men of his platoon were credited with most of these. In another section, Cpl. Harvey Tohet



MEMBERS OF THE 209th hold Jap flags captured at Myitkyina. Photo by James Myers.

was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation.

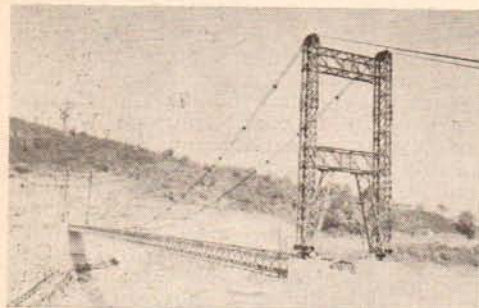
In October, the 209th, reorganized back to full strength, once more took up its Engineering duties on the Ledo Road. A Bailey bridge was built over the Namtabit River, 25 miles south of Myitkyina. At the same time a pontoon bridge was maintained alongside it. At Myothet, the first Bailey suspension bridge on the road was built over the Taping River, 24 miles north of Bhamo. When Co. "A" arrived at Myothet on Dec. 2nd, Jap patrols were still being mopped up in the area. Bhamo didn't fall until the 16th of December.

On Jan. 15, 1945, Co. "B" was sent to work on the Shweli River suspension bridge, three miles north of Namhkam. They had to wait two weeks until the Japs were cleared from the area by the men of the Mars Task Force. Soon afterward, the remaining companies were brought down to work on the Bhamo-Namhkam road. On the 15th of March, the Shweli River bridge, the largest single-span Bailey suspension bridge in the world, was opened to traffic. It had taken six weeks to construct. A previous British-built span over the same spot had taken nearly three years to construct before the war. Since March, the 209th had built and maintained roadways and supplied drivers for the many China-bound convoys.

In June 1945 Lt. Col. Sandvall and Maj. Alfred Pierce were returned to the United States. Soon after, Lt. Col. Harold Martin became the C.O. Lt. Col. Martin had been with the 823rd and 849th Aviation Engineer Battalions, two of the oldest organizations in CBI.

A review of the above will substantiate the 209th Combat Engineers' claim to fame. If there was another organization in CBI which can produce a more diversified list of duties and accomplishments, we have not heard of it.

—THE END



SUSPENSION BRIDGE over the Shweli River built by 209th Engineers. Photo by the author.

of Co. "B" distinguished himself by knocking out a strong enemy position single handedly.

On the 3rd of August all organized resistance ended in Myitkyina. This was the turning point in the North Burma campaign. Six days later the 209th was flown back to Ledo for a much-needed rest. Of the original 26 officers and 522 enlisted men, only 15 officers and 182 enlisted men remained to be evacuated as a unit. Seventy-one had been killed in action, and 181 were wounded. The remaining had been evacuated because of disease. For its part in this important battle, the 209th

IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

On page 8 of this issue you'll find a Newsletter of the 44th Air Service Group. Read it and ask yourself if you would like to read such a Newsletter about YOUR outfit. If the answer is "Yes," sit down and drop us a line and tell us what outfit you were with, then tell us about every man from your old outfit with whom you are in contact. In next issue we will feature the 475th Infantry Regiment, but to expedite the Newsletter feature we'd like to publish several in each issue. The success of this feature depends upon every one of us. Will you drop us a line today? Thanks!

'Ernie Pyle of CBI'

● Since a fellow's memory is something he can't burn or spend, it continues to be a pleasure for me to review the CBI past through the pages of Roundup. Must write Boyd Sinclair my appreciation of his articles. In my opinion he is the Ernie Pyle of the CBI.

ROBERT MAY,
Neshanic Station, N.J.

Typhus Commission

● Please send a subscription to Dr. Nicholas A. Tierney, F.A.C.P. . . . Dr. Tierney was a prominent member of the U. S. Typhus Commission. Has a terrific background, worked at the 20th General Hospital. Good friend of General Ravdin.

J. MALLORY LOOS,
Rochester, N. Y.

1306th AAFBU

● Enclosed check is for renewal of my subscription for the 6th and 7th continuous years. During the past five years I have failed to note the names of anyone assigned with me at the Base Maintenance Section at 1306th AAFBU, Karachi, during the latter part of '44 and all of '45.

EDWARD T. MAI,
Beaumont, Texas

ALICE L. WOOD,
Red Creek, N. Y.



CONVOY negotiating sharp turns on the Stilwell Road in the jungle between Bhamo and Namkham, Burma. U.S. Army photo.

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CBI - ers are a pretty exclusive group. Our emblem is a conversation-starter anywhere.

Writing India Novel

● Just finished reading the last two years' issues of Roundup, lent to me by the Robert Fields. The magazine brought so much back to me. Am trying to write a novel based on my experiences in India. My hero is a bearer, a coolie boy from Dibrugarh whose family works on the railroad. It's an ambitious project but right now I'm hopeful . . . Was with the 234th General Hospital, also 24th Station Hospital (DS) and the 371st. At Kanchrapara, the nurses lived inside one of the two stockades. The war prisoners were inside the other.

7th Bomb Group

● In reply to Barney Barnard's inquiry in Dec. issue, received a letter from Major Bill Larkin. He is on duty with the 7112th Central Medical Group in Weisbaden, Germany. He and some of our old 7th Bomb Group wallahs just had a small reunion in Germany. Some of the men present were Col. Bill Keyes, Lt. Col. Melton, Lt. Col. Eugene Stevens. They are all well and write often, and talk frequently of the 7th and old Mother India. Col. (formerly major) Dave Kellogg, who was shot down and captured by the Japs in Burma, is very much alive and on active duty with the USAFE. Mac McCoy returned to the Maryland State Police for a short time but did miss his flying, so he is back with the Air Force. Major Joe Camaratta is living and working in California after a brief return to the AF. Larry Suber is on duty in Alaska. I am practicing medicine and surgery in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

WM. R. A. BOBEN, M.D.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer
MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
FREE UPON REQUEST
507 Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



Chota Peg and Small Talk

By
Syed Mohammed
Abdullah

Recipe of the Month

KIMA (Ground Meat)

- 1 lb. ground round
- 1 box mushrooms
- 2 cups cooked diced potatoes
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 2 tps. curry powder
- 2½ tps. tumeric
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cube butter

Saute mushrooms in butter. Add meat, salt and pepper, mustard, curry powder, tumeric. Cook together until meat is browned, add the cooked potatoes and the milk, cover and allow to simmer about 30 minutes. If necessary, add flour for thickening.

In my column of last month I announced the forthcoming cook book which I am publishing. As mentioned, the book will contain many Indian recipes, also interesting notes and observations on India. The book will sell for \$1.75 per copy, but to Roundup readers the price will be only \$1.25 postpaid, and autographed by me personally. The first printing will be limited and those who wish to reserve one or more copies should get their reservations in to me at 610½ First Avenue North, Seattle 9, Wash.

This month, apart from the recipe, I am devoting my column in its entirety to movies made in the USA as compared with productions from other countries, including India. This decision is based upon my observing two movies last month of great dissimilarity; one titled "Haji Baba" and the other, "The Firebird." Haji Baba is photographic proof of the incredible absurdities on which our movie industry thrives. John Derick, the star, is the Islamic counterpart of Roy Rogers, even to whistling for his horse; he quite understandably outfights all the armies of Persia — single handed! He is a Moslem Horatio Alger and a Persian Don Juan. His

feats of masculinity, courage, and endurance are far fetched and fantastic. Next to Superman, Haji Baba became my six year old son's idol. The picture has more than its share of cliches. However, I turn to the East and salaam thrice because they did not use the granddaddy of all cliches, "Alms for the love of Allah."

I believe the people of Iran as well as the rest of the Islamic world would be startled at the conceptions of our movie moguls. The salvation of the picture is "Nat" King Cole singing Haji Baba, plus the stereophonic sound and cinemascope, — a great pity, that as much money could not have been spent on the story and research, to make it authentic.

While watching the histrionics of "Haji Baba" I was reminded of "When the Rains Came," which I saw at the Globe Cinema in Calcutta (Opposite the New Market) many years ago. I was at the time impressed by the misconceptions under which the Americans were laboring. Although the movie was interspersed with fallacies, the high point came when a beggar with a Hindu caste mark asked for alms in the name of Allah.

Contrasted to this is "The Firebird." It is Sweden's first color picture and features Stockholm's Royal Opera Ballet, starring Ellen Rasch, the premiere Ballerina of the company. Those of you who are artistically inclined will find the show a rewarding experience. The ballets are the "Firebird" music by Stravinsky, "Grand Pas de deux classique," by Tchaikovsky; and "Meeting With a Stranger," based on French chansons. The acting is superb; the emotionalism real and understandable; the passions human and alive: but above all the picture is believable as well as entertaining. Together with all this, Tito Gobbi from "La Scala" sings with feeling and vigor from "Don Giovanni" and "The Barber of Seville" by Rossini and "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart. This picture is not stuffily intellectual but it is above the six year old mentality of Haji.

India is one of the poorest countries and one of the least educated in the world, yet she does not produce, nor will the Indian people tolerate such unadulterated foolishness as Hollywood turns out, to an educated and progressive people. India supports the second largest movie industry in the world. One rather significant factor about Indian pictures (Which I dare Hollywood to touch) is that one picture will play anywhere from ten weeks to five years in one theater.

BOOK REVIEWS



THE RAMAYANA. As told by Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1954. 276 pages. \$3.50.

Most CBI-wallahs no doubt didn't get around to reading *The Ramayana* while they were in India. The great epic of Hindu literature runs to about 50,000 lines, and it was too short a war to read that long a poem.

Besides, it was so hot most of the time in India's sunny clime that every time a man picked up a book of poetry, he ended up by fanning instead of scanning.

There's not much use for us to advise you men to skip the original *Ramayana* because we can count on you to do it anyway. But if you fail to read it as Aubrey Menen writes it, then you can blame only yourself for your failure. Don't say we didn't tell you.

The original *Ramayana*, which, translated, means "The Adventures of Rama," was written a thousand years before Christ was born. This poem reveals ideals and customs of ancient Hindu life. Of course, it has been amended, revised, cut, and added to for 3,000 years.

Aubrey Menen, a young Indo-Irish writer, decided to rewrite the poem in modern prose and to recapture the original attitude of mind of the first author, the poet Valmiki. The result is a wonderfully charming mixture of wit, politics, human folly, and heroics. The author's satire is sharp as a steel bayonet.

Rama, through the intrigues of his enemies, is forced into exile with his wife, Sita, and brother, Luxmun. He meets Valmiki, a more worldly type, who tells him what life's all about. Through the mazes of war and wisdom, he regains his country and his wife.

No man who ever served in military uniform will fail to appreciate the chapter titled "A Handbook for Recruits." The first paragraph is a good example:

"The war between the allies of Rama and the King of Lanka is one of the most famous in the history of India. Most of the leading generals on both sides won striking victories and those that did not employed scribes to write

their reminiscences, which were even more strikingly victorious."

But the brightest spots in one of the brightest and funniest books we have read in a long time are the salty, spicy tales which Valmiki tells Rama.

Start either "The Tale of the Passionate Ascetic and the Hidden Wife" and "The Nocturnal Adventures of Four Jealous Fishermen," and if you can stop without finishing them, we'll furnish *baksheesh* at the next convention.

Sly and amusing as these tales are, they are wonderfully wise. We wallahs are a far cry from the modern Hindus, let alone the ancient ones. Aubrey Menen makes them like people everywhere—extremely human, foolish and good for a laugh—yet, with something of the gods in their nature.

THE UMBRELLA GARDEN. By Maria Yen. Adapted from the Chinese by Maria Yen and Richard M. McCarthy. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1954. 268 pages. \$4.

This story will make you fighting mad. It is the story of a Chinese college girl who welcomed the Reds into Peiping in 1949. She learned by experience, and fully disillusioned, made a hazardous flight to Hong Kong, where she set down what happened to her, her thinking, and Peiping National University.

Every thinking American ought to read this book, whether he ever lived or traveled in the Far East or not. Here is a compelling indictment against the Communists for their crimes against teaching and learning processes. If you think scholarship or truth has the slightest meaning for the Reds, read Miss Yen's story. And remember, she believed in them at first.

The Reds don't know the meaning of the word *scholarship*. To them, a great university is to be used only as a vicious propaganda and political tool. When you read of the debasement that was forced upon many fine teachers, you, if you have any respect whatsoever for the freedom of the human mind, will want to take action against these men who have wrought such perpetrations against the first guardian genius of democracy—the cultivated mind.

To us, this is stark horror, and there's little relief from it in this book. Miss Yen does give a light touch, with satire and whimsy, when her subject becomes the Red impact on recreation, love, marriage, literature, and music. She has a splendid personal style, with anecdotes, and is a sensitive and capable observer.

Miss Yen's story has the ring of authority, the effect of something known

and experienced. She tells what the dirty Reds did to a clean university, and, what is more important, what they are doing to every decent human being with whom they come in contact.

LAUGHTER IN HELL. By Stephen Mark. Illustrated. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1954. 256 pages. \$5.

Laughter in Hell is the true experiences of Navy Lieutenant E. L. Guirey and Marine Sergeant H. C. Nixon and their comrades in Japanese prison camps in Osaka and Tsuruga.

This record of what happened to men in Japanese hands during World War II makes you proud of America and Americans, for it presents a spirit which overcame brutality and degradation.

Beatings could not end the solidarity of these men and solitary confinement could not break their loyalty. The cruelty of their captors did not kill the gentleness in them. Somehow they kept up their spirits and morale in a living hell.

They managed to laugh, whether with defiance or hysteria, or because they were able to steal a little extra food, or put something over on one of their Jap guards.

The story traces the triumph of American ingenuity over the single-track mind of the coolie, until it ends with the almost complete dominance of the former over the latter.

This is the sort of story that renews your faith that American men can triumph again in the world if the issue is forced upon them. *Laughter in Hell* conveys this with emotion and excitement.

What these men did to the Japs time and again proves once again that what General Stilwell used to say about them is right — the slightest variation of a trick mixed them up completely.

THE BAD STEP. By Mark Derby. The Viking Press, New York, 1954. 244 pages. \$3.

This book was first published in England under the title of *Out of Asia Alive*. It strikes us that it would have been better had they stuck to that title in the States.

As in *The Big Water* and *Afraid in the Dark*, Mark Derby again spins a yarn of suspense set in the Far East. This book went into a second printing even before date of publication.

The Bad Step is a tale of suspense and terror, thriller class, concerning two

men who interlocked pasts. The reader gets the idea early that only one will survive the near future.

Their contest is played out against a background of violence and force. The secret service, political intrigue, and an eruption of nature contributes to the story.

Caught in the web of the tale is Martindale, exhausted and crippled, clinging to ideals and hopes denied him throughout a long career of service to his country, and desperate with the knowledge that he must kill or be killed.

Terror and intrigue are ever present in this story, and along with them are human conflicts which add some depth. It's an adventure thriller told with narrative skill.

THERE IS NO ASIA. By Dwight Cooke. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1954. \$4.

Dwight Cooke, news and public affairs analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System, takes the reader on a thoughtful tour of the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Formosa, Hong Kong, Macao, Indonesia, Malaya, Indochina, Thailand, Burma, India, and Pakistan.

This sentence from his chapter on India ought to convince CBI-wallahs he knows whereof he speaks: "An American is as far from home as he will ever be when he reaches India." He says true understanding between us is impossible, but day-by-day functioning is very possible. That will score a second run for him as an observer with old India-wallahs. That's their experience.

The title of Dwight Cook's book is based on the idea that the nations of Asia have nothing in common among them, like those of Europe, America, or the Middle East. Asia is a seething mass of vastly different and totally separate civilizations; therefore, to Cooke, there is no Asia.

It seems to us that Cooke reaches some sound conclusions. Here's one, for example: "Asians are not inscrutable Orientals, starving for food and for freedom. We believe in progress. We must become identified with it and depended upon for it. Technical aid is our forte. We must begin to exploit it."

One of the best tests of the readability of a book is to pick it up and begin reading at any point in its contents and at that point find it interesting. To us, this book passes that test with flying colors.



Commander's Message

by
Charles A. Mitchell
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

We have reached the crossroads of another year. 1954 was a good year for the CBIVA. Memberships (paid-up, that is) ran way ahead of schedule.

As you are reading this message, you naturally know of the National CBI Vets Assn. Now that you are a subscriber of Ex-CBI Roundup, send \$3.00 to me or Gene Brauer, our National Adjutant in Milwaukee, and receive a membership card. Just drop me a line, giving your rank at discharge, when you left the U. S., how long you were in CBI, where you were stationed and when you returned to the States.

Janice and I have just returned from St. Louis. On the way down we stopped in Bloomington, Ill., and bent a few with our old friend and former National Commander, Bob Bolender. Bob was tied up over the week-end and could not join us in St. Louis, where we were wine and dined by the St. Louis Basha. If that week-end was a forerunner of what the National Reunion in August will be like, you'd better just plan attending a couple of days. Normal constitutions probably can't take an entire reunion of CBI-ers!

Believe me, gang . . . this St. Louis bunch are putting on a party next August that I doubt if Houston can outdo in 1956. I don't suppose I should tell this beforehand, but I overheard the St. Louis bunch planning a river cruise and dance Thursday night on the local

Ganges (Mississippi). I didn't mention that a barbecue at their local ghat would go good with their Budweiser.

I know one thing — the gang from St. Louis are planning on keeping the registration down lower than it's ever been with more baksheesh from local distilleries and breweries. They also have a mineral oil manufactured in St. Louis. Dave Hyatt is seeing to it that they have all you want on draught in the St. Louis hospitality room.

Many items were touched on during our national executive meeting in St. Louis. We were shown around the Jefferson Hotel that will house us during our stay next August. We had dinner at Lemon's Restaurant — you'll have to try a meal there while you are in St. Louis.

Joe and Mable Black, our National Vice-Commander, dropped up for the day, 750 miles without stopping. The old reliable bunch from Milwaukee, Lester Dencker, Gene Brauer and Joe Pohorsky, were there — they always are, and a big group from St. Louis made up our last executive meeting for 1954. Our next meeting will be in March when final arrangements will be made for our next reunion in August.

From the plans I have heard so far, this is really going to be it. It isn't too early to send in your reservations. Drop me a card and tell me your needs. We'll start reservations as of now. Let me hear from you.

As I've told you in previous columns, you haven't lived until you've attended one of these CBI Reunions. You know, after all, the only tangible thing we have from our days in CBI is the pocketful of memories of our service there. Let's keep these alive for at least 50 more years! If you're one of those who have always hoped to attend a CBI Reunion but just never got around to actually doing it, make a New Year's resolution right now: Plan to attend the 1955 CBI Reunion in St. Louis. I promise you won't regret it. This is one resolution you'll be glad you kept!

Our daughters, Patricia Ann and Janeen, and son, Maurie (A/2c, USAF, England), and 2½ grandchildren, join Janice and I in wishing all of you the season's best.

May God help you prosper during 1955 and the years to come and help us draw together the full hours we shared in the Orient.

Yours in Comradeship,

CHARLES A. MITCHELL,
2322 So. Burdick,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Not So Wonderful

● Altho I enjoy reading the magazine each month, I am getting sick and tired of reading about what a wonderful place it was in India and China. Just what in the world was so wonderful about it? To me it was the world's worst hell-hole and I'm darned glad to be back in the U. S. and hope I'll never again have to leave it. I do enjoy the magazine, though.

CARL R. SWETT,
Bronx, N. Y.

497th Port Co.

● Spent 1944 and '45 in Calcutta with the 497th Port Co. Was on the "Karoa," next to the "Rhona" when it was struck and sank in Nov. 1943. Does anyone know the address of Thadious Black of Calif.?

GEORGE STONE,
Burton, Ohio

Even CBI Looks Good!

● Since last writing you, I have had a change of station and am now back again in Korea. There has been quite a change since I was here in 1951-52, but I assure you this place still makes the China-Burma-India area where we served during the war look good.

SFC RAY SEDGLEY,
APO, San Francisco



WHEN JAP ZEROS flew over Hwangtsaopa, China, the 14th Air Force received word of it over this radio. Herbert Yasgur is at the radio and T/5 Ludwig Baumgarten at the generator. Both men were with the Chinese 71st Army HQ in the Salween Campaign. U.S. Army photo.

CBIVA Chaplain

● During my term as CBIVA Chaplain, it is my duty to be of service to you and I will try my best. The CBIVA has members in all states, therefore it is impossible for me to do justice to those who would like assistance. I can serve you best if you cooperate and inform me of the passing of any of our CBI buddies. If any reader knows of a CBI veteran who has passed on, please let me know and a proper token of condolence will be sent.

JOSEPH POHORSKY,
3353 So. Adams,
Milwaukee 7, Wis.

185th Depot Supply

● Would like to hear from anyone who was connected with the 185th Depot Supply Co., stationed at Karachi and Calcutta.

ALBERT J. BUGLIO,
29 Imperial Ave.,
Cranston, R. I.

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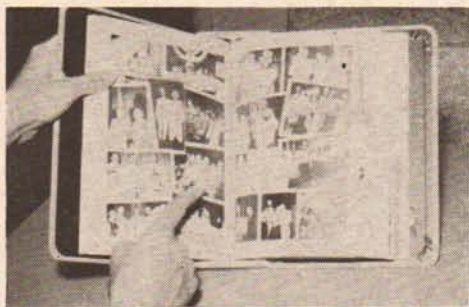
The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.



FIRST AIR COMMANDO Group men pose at APO 690, Ondal, India. They are (l. to r.) S/Sgt. Gene Kaschel, Pvt. Dale Overlease, Lt. Ben Cavender, Sgt. Robert Bovey and Pvt. Ted Saunders.

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